

Pull Me Apart by tiigi

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Summary:

“There are better ways to cause trouble, Tozier.” Patrick tells him, condescending. There’s something in his eyes then that Richie sees, something dangerous and daring, like he wants Richie to ask more. It’s both terrifying and morbidly intriguing. Richie thinks wildly that if Patrick wasn’t such an asshole bully, they’d probably be friends.

In the heat of the moment, Richie does something stupid. Then he does it again, and again, and again.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I've been obsessed with Patrick Hockstetter recently and now here we are!

Also for the sake of this story, let's say Patrick is still creepy and violent but not a literal psychopath :)(:

Richie can admit that getting after school detention in the first week back is not his best work. He had wanted this year to be a fresh start, one in which he actually applied himself in class and got good grades, but after being set five different pieces of homework on the first day back Richie had decided that those hopes and dreams were amateur.

He should be working on upping his prank game. The teachers at the Derry public high school have been allowed to live without fear for too long, and it's Richie's responsibility to make sure they're always on their toes.

Well, that had been the plan. It didn't go as well as he'd expected, given that he's been caught emptying soil into the gym coach's desk draw, but Richie definitely doesn't regret it, even if it means he has to spend the next few hours in a boring classroom with a bunch of other teenage delinquents.

He's been here before plenty of times so he knows the drill. Go in, sit down, pretend you're doing work until the teacher gets so bored that they either fall asleep or leave, and then doodle cartoon dicks onto the desk until it's time to go home. Richie doesn't need to be told twice.

It takes him a little off guard, then, when he walks into the room to see an empty desk where the supervisor should be and Patrick Hockstetter reclining on a chair near the back of the room. His legs are crossed and his feet are resting on his table; when he sees Richie a slow, scary smile spreads across his face. Richie tries not to gag.

"Fancy seeing you here," he walks in warily, trying not to show his discomfort. The Bowers' gang have been after Richie ever since he can remember, but allowing Patrick to intimidate him the first time they see each other won't bode well for the rest of the year.

"Have a nice summer?" Hockstetter asks innocently, fingers drumming a rhythm against the tabletop. Richie takes a seat in front of the teachers' desk on the opposite end of the classroom, as far away from Hockstetter as he can get, but turns around in his chair so he doesn't have his back to him.

"Peachy, thanks." His rucksack falls to the floor with a heavy thunk. The school is silent, all the students gone home, all the teachers either hiding in their offices or trying to sneak out early. "And yourself?"

It makes Richie want to laugh, this line of conversation, but he knows it's just how Patrick plays. Richie can play like this as well if it'll buy him time: he's not opposed to making smalltalk with the resident bully. It beats getting his teeth kicked in by the guy.

Patrick doesn't reply, but then Richie wasn't too bothered about getting an answer in the first place. Instead, the tip of his tongue darts out and traces his bottom lip, fingers stalling against the desk suddenly. The only sound in the room is the tick, tick of the clock on the wall and Richie's uneven heartbeat until Patrick talks again.

"She's not coming, you know." Richie grits his teeth and doesn't reply. He's uncomfortable with his body twisted round like a contortionist but having Hockstetter behind him, not being able to see what he's doing... that doesn't sit well with Richie.

"What?" He asks, rolling his eyes for show. Patrick just smiles, creepy and intense.

"It's the bitch chemistry teacher." Patrick tells him and Richie winces. He already knows which one Patrick is talking about, because there's only one chemistry teacher vengeful enough to actually warrant Patrick's vehement dislike. "She left for coffee twenty minutes ago and hasn't come back. You're late."

"If you wanted to get me alone, Patrick, you should have just said." Richie says smarmily, although dread is beginning to claw its way up his throat. Would it be better for him to make a run for it now? Fuck detention, there's no way Patrick Hockstetter is going to sit in silence with him for two hours without trying to pull anything shady.

Richie chances a quick look out the window, taking his eyes off Patrick, who clearly doesn't feel any need to do the same. He's been watching Richie since he first stepped into the room and his gaze on Richie's skin feels like crawling ants.

It's raining outside, heavily. The scorching summer that had seemed to stretch on endlessly during their vacation has well and truly come to an end, and with it has brought a looming thunderstorm. Richie doesn't feel like walking home in that. If he waits until five then he can probably catch a lift home with Bill's dad: he always drives past the school on his way home from work.

If he runs, Patrick will probably chase him.

"So what did you do?" Patrick asks, surprising Richie by changing the subject to something innocent. Richie watches as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a packet of cigarettes, lighting up right there in the classroom even though smoking anywhere on school grounds is strictly forbidden. He's glad Eddie isn't there, because this would invoke an asthma attack for sure.

"Tried to turn Coach's desk into a flower bed." Richie says proudly, because whilst Richie's pranks are probably a little - a lot - tame for Patrick's taste, he'll surely still appreciate the sentiment. Sure enough, Patrick snorts and shakes his head.

"Pussy move," he says, but he's still grinning maniacally so Richie doesn't let the criticism destroy him.

"What would you have done then, asshole." For a second Richie thinks Patrick is going to get angry, going to object to Richie's tone of voice or choice of words, but instead he tilts his head and starts to scratch the wooden desk, an action that is both intimidating and crazy annoying.

“There are better ways to cause trouble, Tozier.” Patrick tells him, condescending. There’s something in his eyes then that Richie sees, something dangerous and daring, like he wants Richie to ask more. It’s both terrifying and morbidly intriguing. Richie thinks wildly that if Patrick wasn’t such an asshole bully, they’d probably be friends.

“Whatever,” Richie hunches his shoulders almost automatically, as though to protect himself from a blow he doesn’t know to expect.

“What, you don’t like that?” Patrick grins. He’s really enjoying himself now, Richie can tell. “You can’t handle that, Tozier?”

“Funny,” Richie says, always needing the last word. He’s going to get the shit beaten out of him and it’ll be entirely his own fault. “That’s what your mom said last night.”

Patrick’s smirk changes into something sharper, something more unpleasant. When he speaks, he does so in a slow drawl that brings goosebumps to Richie’s skin.

“You’re cute.” He sneers. Then, startling Richie so badly that he almost falls out of his chair, Patrick kicks his chair back and stands up. He clears six feet easily and when Richie is sitting down like this Patrick looms over him, menacing and ominous as he slinks around the edge of the room like a cat. Richie’s heart thumps against his ribcage, adrenaline readying him for a fight or flight reaction.

It’s not necessary, however, because Hockstetter passes Richie completely and instead heads for the door. He pauses with his hand on the doorknob, levelling Richie with a stare so intense it leaves his mouth dry.

“Are you gonna sit in here all damn day? ‘Cause I sure as hell am not.”

“Hmm, sit in this warm, dry classroom or take my chances with Patrick Hockstetter.” Richie pretends to think, even though there’s no way he’s hanging about in school for no reason. “That’s a tough call.”

“Whatever, fag.” Hockstetter rolls his eyes, lips twitching upwards at the corners. Richie ignores the jab, because he has the strange feeling

that Patrick didn't mean it as anything other than an empty insult. "If you wanna waste your time here be my guest, but I have better things to do."

With that, he turns the handle and brushes out of the door, leaving Richie alone in a boring classroom with no one around to annoy. Cursing, Richie gathers his bag and speedwalks to the door, the sound of his feet slapping against the ground echoing through the empty hallway. Because he has no survival instinct and probably a death wish as well, he catches up to Patrick just as he's about to leave.

"Yeah," he pants, carrying on their conversation as though it had never finished. "I'm sure your evening of torturing the neighbourhood cats is going to be riveting."

Patrick turns to him with raised eyebrows but he looks amused more than anything. Richie feels himself flush in embarrassment at having been caught running to keep up with him.

"Don't knock it till you try it, flamer." Richie ignores the insult, more than happy with the fact that Patrick isn't actively trying to kill him. It's strange and very off putting—Richie is too afraid to let down his guard for a second unless Patrick is just biding his time, but even as they walk down the school steps together Patrick makes no moves to attack him.

Richie kind of wants to ask what the hell is going on, but that would be pushing his luck.

They're both drenched almost instantly. The weather is foul and Richie doesn't have a coat, so he bears the full brunt of the cold wind against his bare skin. His teeth are chattering and he's got another half hour of walking ahead of him before he'll be able to have a shower and warm up.

Patrick, on the other hand, doesn't seem to feel the cold at all. He's wearing a short sleeved t-shirt so it isn't like he's any warmer than Richie. He's a psychopath, Richie decides, it's the only explanation. Richie glances out of the corner of his eye at Patrick's arms, skinny but with hidden strength. He could probably choke Richie with one

hand if he wanted to. He probably wants to.

Ironically, he's also heading towards a car parked on the opposite side of the road.

Richie is surprised and more than a little relieved to see that it isn't the car the Bowers gang usually drives, and that Patrick is still in fact on his own. One is manageable, four isn't. This car is smaller, older looking, definitely more beaten up. It's probably a family car, Richie thinks, and bites back a snort at the thought of Patrick having a happy family. It's too weird to contemplate.

Patrick walks off alone without saying a word - not that Richie expected a fond farewell, but it does leave him feeling perturbed, like he needs closure or something.

Whatever. He tries to shake it off. He's had more than enough conversation with Patrick Hockstetter for one day, he should be glad that he doesn't have to spend anymore time with him. Patrick is a ticking time bomb, and Richie doesn't want to be around when he blows up.

He doesn't want to have to walk home in the middle of a storm either, but he doesn't have much choice. He makes it about halfway down the road before he becomes conscious of the car behind him. The sound of the engine had been almost completely drowned out by the rain and Patrick doesn't have his fucking headlights on. Figures.

It's light outside but the streets are deserted, no one wanting to be out in the horrible weather. Shit, Richie thinks, this is it. He's going to kill me and no one will even notice. They'd hear his screams and they wouldn't even peek past their curtains.

But Patrick doesn't make any attempt to get out of the car. He drives slowly, matching Richie's walking pace and dawdling against the curb. Eventually, when Richie can't take it anymore and has to turn around and flip Patrick his middle finger, Patrick laughs and winds down the window.

"Jeez, kid, lighten up." He smirks. "Just wanted to know if you want a lift, is all."

“With you?” Richie scoffs, all false bravado and attitude. “I’d rather have sex with Greta Bowie. She’d probably give me less diseases.”

Richie isn’t exactly expecting Patrick to take no for an answer and just drive away, but it still worries him when all Patrick does is trace the tip of his tongue over his bottom lip again and shake his head.

“I’m trying to do something nice here, Tozier. You aren’t being very grateful. Do you *want* to become pedo food?”

“Nope.” Richie gives him the shit eating grin he’s so infamous for. “That’s exactly why I’m not getting in your car, idiot.”

Patrick sighs and Richie is naïve enough to think that maybe he will get the message and just drive away, maybe Richie will be lucky enough to escape unscathed tonight. Of course, nothing with Patrick Hockstetter could ever go that smoothly.

Richie only becomes aware that Hockstetter has mounted the sidewalk when he’s barely a yard away from hitting him with the bumper of the car. Richie yelps in a very unmanly fashion and jumps out of the way before the car can make contact, even though Patrick isn’t driving very fast at all and it probably wouldn’t have done much damage. It’s the thought that counts, and Hockstetter was probably thinking about Richie’s body squashed under his tires.

“What the *fuck*, Hockstetter?” Richie demands, arms flailing. Patrick has more thankfully swerved back into the road so Richie isn’t in any immediate danger. Probably.

“Are you actually trying to kill me?” Richie continues, living up to his reputation of not knowing when to shut his mouth. “What the hell happened to doing something nice?”

“It wasn’t getting me anywhere interesting.” Patrick replies lazily. Richie huffs and shoves his hands into the pockets of his jeans just so they don’t hang limply at his sides. He feels nervous somehow, but dismisses the feeling straight away. Who wouldn’t feel nervous with Patrick Hockstetter so close by?

“I’m sorry me being alive is so boring for you.” He says sarcastically,

watching his shoes move forward on the tarmac sidewalk. Nothing about Hockstetter is trustworthy, Richie has learned after so long of being his target.

But when Richie next looks at Patrick he meets Richie's stare with an expression so intense that it captivates him. Richie is so mesmerised by whatever insane emotion is spilling from Patrick's mind into his own that he stumbles and almost eats dirt.

"Don't worry, Tozier." Patrick tells him, voice perfectly audible even over the faint sound of thunder in the distance. "Nothing about you is boring."

With that, he drives away, leaving Richie shivering and soaked to the bone to walk home by himself. The silence seems so loud that he almost wishes he had gotten in Patrick's car. At least it would have landed him somewhere more interesting than on his back, staring up at his bedroom ceiling, spending another night in his house all alone.

Richie sees Patrick the next day in school as he's doing his best to sneak away from his gym lesson. Sophomore gym is as fun for Richie as yanking teeth and he's already decided before Coach yells out their schedule for the next year that he won't be attending many of these classes.

He's just made it over to the geography huts - he can hide behind these once everyone has been registered and no one will even notice he's slipped away - when he becomes aware of someone's eyes on him. The back of his neck prickles and he spins around to come face to crotch with Patrick Hockstetter, who is balanced on the edge of the wall. His legs dangle down and Richie narrowly avoids getting kicked.

"You lived, then?" Patrick smirks around the cigarette in his mouth. He blows the smoke out through his nose, which Richie actually thinks is very cool but would never say so.

"No thanks to you, psycho." Richie has to cover his eyes with his hand to shield them from the sun. He only narrowly manages to

avoid Patrick jumping on top of him as he hops down from the wall and peers around the building.

“Skipping class?” Richie notices how close they are when he inhales and gets a mouthful of second hand smoke.

“I’m sorry, I know how important education is to you.” Richie’s usual sarcastic attitude is lacking its bite. After last night he should be more terrified than ever of Patrick, but for some reason he can’t convince his body that it should be readying itself for an attack.

“I don’t blame you,” Patrick ignores what Richie says, taking another drag of the cigarette before putting it out against the wall and flicking it to the ground. “When I was a sophomore he used to make us run laps before any game we played. It didn’t matter what sport it was.”

“You sound nostalgic, Hockstetter.” Richie can’t resist another jibe, even though Patrick is being civil to him. “What year are you retaking this time?”

“Jeez, Tozier.” Patrick turns to him and rolls his eyes. When he leans back against the wall and folds his arms over his chest, Richie’s eyes are again drawn to the definition in his biceps and the visible stretch of bare skin above the waistline of his jeans.

“Give it a rest, kid.” He continues, looking Richie up and down. “There’s no one around to impress. You’re wasting your time.”

Richie bristles. Patrick has somehow managed to make him feel like a little kid getting a scolding from an adult. Fuck him.

“Time spent annoying you is not time wasted, Hockstetter.” Richie tells him, dead serious.

“Do you actually want me to beat you up? Is that what you want? ‘Cause I’ll do it, Tozier, you just have to ask real nice.” Patrick speaks slowly. Richie has never really paid any attention to it before but now he can’t help but notice the relaxed way Patrick rolls his words around with his tongue before he spits them out, like he’s in no hurry, like he’s certain that the world will wait for him to have his

say.

“You wouldn’t know nice if it sucked your dick, Hockstetter.” It’s not one of Richie’s finest, but Patrick’s successful attempts to humiliate Richie don’t give him a lot to work with.

“Christ,” Patrick raises his eyebrows, more amused than surprised. “Do you come with an off switch?” His arm darts out and his fingers brush over Richie’s shoulder. Richie tries to knock his hand away but Patrick grabs his fingers and twists them so suddenly that Richie can’t help but gasp.

“Fuck, ow.” Richie scowls at Patrick. “Never mess with a man’s right hand.” He says, as sincere as he can be with his own breath fogging up his glasses.

Patrick’s hand returns, only this time it’s reaching for Richie’s hair. He darts back, thinking that Patrick is about to yank his hair from his head, but forces himself to calm down when nothing like that happens.

“Spider,” is all the explanation Patrick gives as he runs his fingers through Richie’s hair, pulling back after a few seconds and revealing the small spider that’s crawling between his fingers.

Richie is still recovering from having Patrick so close to him. Richie’s face had practically been pressed into his chest and he’d smelt so strongly of cigarette smoke that it had felt like he was surrounding Richie completely, taking over all his senses. His parents are hardly ever around anymore and because he’s the most physically affectionate of all the Losers, his friends are usually trying to get away from his touch. He can’t remember the last time anyone ran their fingers through his hair like that, even as briefly as Patrick just did. It’s such a soft, comforting sensation that Richie wishes Patrick hadn’t stopped.

Patrick is at least a head and a half taller than Richie so Richie has to look up to make eye contact. Only when he does that does Patrick do anything, as though he was waiting for an audience. He raises his hand in front of Richie’s face and crushes the spider, flicking its flattened body onto the floor.

“Fucking creep,” Richie mutters for lack of a better insult. He’s feeling a little claustrophobic with Patrick so close to him; he feels hot and flushed all over, like if he were to look in a mirror his face would be red and blotchy. How the hell is Patrick Hockstetter of all people having this reaction on him?

And worse– is it obvious? He has enough problems with his repressed sexuality on its own. He still has to tell his friends, has to accept it for himself... he doesn’t need Hockstetter giving him an accidental boner and telling the entire school.

Except that’s exactly what Patrick seems to be intent on doing. He nudges Richie’s chin up with his knuckles and, in a move that’s uncharacteristically gentle, runs his thumb over Richie’s bottom lip. Instinctively, Richie goes to lick his lips and only realises his mistake when he tastes Patrick’s skin. His cheeks grow warm and his breath comes out unsteady. He can’t pull away.

“You’ve got a dirty fucking mouth, Tozier.” Patrick murmurs, distracted.

“Sorry if it offends your delicate sensibilities.” Richie manages to say, but his voice breaks in the middle so he must sound pathetic. God, he hopes he doesn’t sound turned on, because he fucking *is*. How messed up is that? If his friends could see him now, what would they say? Richie would be embarrassed if they laughed but that would be the best case scenario. They’d probably think he was a freak, getting hard over his bully touching him up.

“Nah,” Patrick takes his hand away from Richie’s mouth and, just as Richie let’s put a relieved sigh, slides it over his neck and down his arm to curl his hand around Richie’s waist. Richie flounders. Patrick tugging Richie’s hair or touching his face– those he can wave away as Hockstetter just trying to mess with him.

This... this feels different. This feels intimate, uncomfortable in how much Richie likes the touch.

“Just makes me want to shut you up.” He steps away so quickly that Richie is left reeling, breath coming fast and uneven, erection pressing uncomfortably against his boxers. He watches Patrick amble

across the field, shoulders hunched as he lights up another cigarette, completely unafraid of being caught skipping.

All Richie can think is, *'this isn't going to end well.'*

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

chapter 2, aka 'how many nicknames can I realistically use?'

Richie loves parties. Most of his friends hate them, either because they're unhygienic or there are too many people or because drunk people are unpredictable. Richie fucking loves them: he loves that there are so many people. He loves that the beer is free and you can dance all you want without looking like an idiot because everyone is doing the same thing. It's the one time Richie gets to be unapologetically himself.

He thinks he might hate this one, though. They've been there for a little over an hour and it's yet to reach its peak. The other Losers love that it's a mellow atmosphere and the music isn't deafening, but the beer is so weak that Richie is on his fourth and he's yet to feel tipsy.

Not to mention, Patrick Hockstetter and his friends are at the other end of the room, and he hasn't stopped staring at Richie for ten straight minutes. Richie is losing his mind. Usually he loves being the centre of attention but being stared at and having to pretend you haven't noticed and that it doesn't bother you is awkward as hell. Richie is in half a mind to march over there and demand that Patrick find something else to scrutinise, but Henry and the others would beat him to a pulp. Maybe he is drunk, if he's considering doing it anyway.

The Losers are in a circle, gathered round a card game that they've long since lost interest in. They've been nursing drinks for the past hour and, although even Eddie has relaxed a little, Richie is struggling to have a good time. There's an itch burning under his skin and every time he looks at Patrick only to see him looking right back, it grows stronger.

"Fuck," Richie mutters under his breath, finishing his drink and standing up. He staggers a little - because maybe he is a little tipsy - and his friends look up at him in confusion.

“Where are you going?” Eddie asks accusingly. “We’re not finished. You can’t leave just ‘cause you’re losing, dickwad.”

“I gotta go piss,” Richie grins lecherously, nudging Eddie’s knee with his toes. “You’re welcome to come with me, Eddie Spaghetti. I’ll make it worth your while.”

Eddie scrunches his nose up and flicks a card at Richie’s retreating back. He’s sure his laugh carries over the music, right over to the Bowers gang who watch him with matching murderous expressions as he passes. Hockstetter’s eyes burn holes through his clothing.

The bathroom on the ground floor is locked with a queue longer than Richie’s dick waiting outside, so he slips up the stairs. He’s not sure whose house this is but he figures whoever it is didn’t want anyone going upstairs because the second floor is deserted. Richie doesn’t bother locking the door behind him.

He doesn’t really need the bathroom– he just needed to get out of Patrick’s line of sight. He feels too warm, cheeks flushed and pupils dilated. He’s not drunk but he feels unsteady on his feet, like he could topple over any second and he wouldn’t be able to get back up. Maybe someone slipped something in his drink? He tries to think of when he left his beer alone but his mind is too clouded.

“Jeez, Tozier, you’re not looking too hot.” Patrick’s voice behind him has him whirling round, heart pounding unsteadily. He doesn’t relax any when he sees it’s Patrick because, even with the party downstairs, he’s probably distinctly unsafe now.

“Fuck you, Patrick.” Richie doesn’t have the energy for his usual taunts. “You follow me up here?”

“You looked like you needed a chaperone, titch.” Richie tries to scoff but he ends up just flailing and falling back against the counter, head knocking against the mirror behind him. Patrick sneers and takes a step forward, his long, lanky legs giving him an easy advantage. He crowds Richie against the wall. He smells like beer and cigarette smoke.

“Fuck you.” Richie says again, except this time it comes out a

whisper. "You put something in my drink?" Patrick snorts.

"Nah," He hisses, hand coming to tug at Richie's hair. "You're just easy for me."

Then he kisses Richie. He kisses harshly, aggressively, just like Richie thought he would. Then Richie realises that that means he's been thinking of kissing Patrick and that shuts him up pretty quickly.

Patrick fucks his tongue into Richie's mouth, hands cradling Richie's skull to keep him in place as he licks against Richie's tongue, his lips, the roof of his mouth. Richie feels turned inside out as Patrick steals the breath from his lungs. The counter digs into Richie's lower back and he knows he'll have bruises there tomorrow but right now he can't bring himself to care.

Patrick is an unstoppable force and Richie feels so dazed, shivery all over. When Patrick pulls away, a string of saliva connects their mouths and Richie watches the way Patrick licks Richie's spit off his lips.

"What the fuck?" Richie spits as soon as he can talk again. He makes a big show of wiping the back of his hand across his mouth, but his cheeks feel like they're on fire so his blush probably ruins the angry look he's going for.

"What?" Patrick asks innocently. Richie has half a mind to kick him in the shin but he has a feeling that won't end well for him.

"What are you *doing*? I'm not– I'm not..." He's not handing his most guarded secret to his worst enemy on a silver platter.

"Not what?" Patrick answers, words so sharp they cut like knives. Richie feels distinctly unsafe. "Gay? Are you sure, hot stuff?"

"Patrick..." Richie starts, uncertain. He doesn't know what he wants to say but he knows he has to stop this before it gets any further. How could he look his friends in the eyes again after doing *this* with their bully?

"C'mon, sweetheart," Patrick croons, uncharacteristically gentle, all rounded edges and words dripping with honey. "It's just a kiss. It

doesn't have to mean anything. You don't have to be gay."

Richie doesn't want to give in. He doesn't want to be doing this... but at the same time, he does. It feels good when Patrick's mouth slides over his, when his hand tangles in Richie's hair. It feels good when Patrick's hand slides down Richie's chest and settles over his cock through his jeans. Richie just wants to feel good.

"Yeah?" Hockstetter smirks when Richie bites his bottom lip, not-so-subtly pushing his hips out for easier access. His spidery fingers pop open the button on Richie's jeans and his hand worms its way inside, fingers cool against Richie's erection.

"You gonna let me do this?" Patrick continues, sounding excited in a sick, twisted way. "You gonna let me touch you?"

Richie's whole body shudders as he nods, eyes squeezed shut so he doesn't have to see the way Patrick's smirk turns into a nasty, predatory sneer. He knows Patrick isn't asking him to get his explicit consent. He wants Richie humiliated, and he's figured out that this is a way to guarantee it.

Patrick strokes Richie fast and dry. There's nothing to slick it up and Richie finds himself curling over, the pleasure just on the wrong side of pain, but he doesn't object.

He really shouldn't do this. He shouldn't, he knows he shouldn't, but when Patrick drops to his knees in front of Richie, he can't say no. It probably wouldn't matter if he did anyway.

He's never considered Patrick in a sexual way before, but he does it now. He's kind of pretty, Richie thinks, in an unconventional way, a scary way. Patrick is all sharp angles, pale skin, dark bruises, soft hair that curls around the nape of his neck. His eyes are a startling, icy shade of blue that in any other context would make Richie uncomfortable, but now they just seem strikingly attractive.

Patrick's lips, Richie notices as they wrap around his cock, are very red. He can't hold in a whimper. His fingers scrabble at the counter behind him and his toes curl in his socks, digging into the carpet. Patrick's mouth is so warm and wet and this is Richie's first blowjob.

He can already feel his orgasm creeping up on him.

"Fuck, oh my god." Richie whines, hand coming to rest atop Patrick's head, unsure whether he's allowed to pull his hair or not. With his dick in Patrick's mouth, it seems like a better idea not to risk it, so Richie just strokes his hair as Patrick sucks him off sloppily.

"Hockstetter," Richie pants, chest heaving. Patrick is a dangerous person in general– he'd beat Richie up at the drop of a hat and he's as quick with his insults as he is with his fists, but this is the first time Richie has ever felt emotionally vulnerable in front of him.

It's overwhelming, how Richie feels when he comes. He's jerked off before, sure, and tentatively explored other aspects of his budding sexuality, but this is the first time he's ever had another person's hands - and mouth - on him, so his orgasm is intense. All he can hear is the deafening rush of blood in his own ears and he squeezes his eyes shut so hard that bright spots of colour flash behind his eyelids. His mouth hangs open and it's only when he comes back to himself that he realises he'd been letting out a succession of high pitched, staccato moans.

Patrick must have unzipped his own jeans whilst Richie was trying to catch his breath, because the next thing Richie knows, Patrick is gripping his wrist and tugging Richie's hand towards his cock. Richie is too dazed to fight it, too exhausted from the best orgasm of his life to complain. He feels like that would be ungrateful, and he really doesn't want to owe Patrick Hockstetter anything.

Richie blinks back into awareness. "C'mon, Tozier." Patrick is saying through clenched teeth, trying to jerk himself off with Richie's limp hand. It isn't going very well, but Patrick appears to be getting off well enough. It's probably Richie's unresponsiveness that's turning him on so much.

On instinct, Richie curls his fingers around Patrick's cock, cheeks flushing warm at the noise of approval that earns him. Patrick's eyes are shut and his head is tipped back to the ceiling. If it weren't for his chest rising and falling heavily or the twisted up look his face gets whenever Richie's thumb brushes over the head of his cock, he'd look almost peaceful.

“Come on,” Patrick breathes, nails digging into Richie’s wrist. “Faster. Even you can do better than that, freak.”

Richie is divided: on the one hand he wants to let go of Patrick, shove him, get angry, demand that Patrick leave him and his friends the fuck alone. The other half of him, the half that wins in the end, wants to prove to Patrick what a good fucking job he can do. Patrick gave him a blowjob– even if he is a bully, for that he deserves better than a fist to fuck.

Richie pulls his hand away quickly and spits in his palm, using his other hand to tug at Patrick’s jeans and underwear where they’re bunched up at the top of his thighs. Patrick startles and watches Richie in confusion through slitted eyes, but when he’s happy that Richie isn’t planning anything awful he’s content to let him do his own thing.

“That’s good– *fuck*. Good effort.” Patrick mocks him as Richie starts stroking him, faster than before. It’s easier now that Patrick’s clothes are out of the way and, even though it’s his first time, Richie discovers that it’s just like jerking himself off. It’s a different angle, maybe, but the little pleased grunts Patrick makes and the way his cock throbs in Richie’s fist makes up for it.

“Good *effort*?” Richie snipes, sarcastic attitude firmly stuck in place to make up for his earlier vulnerability. “You wanna give me a fucking grade and a gold star too?”

“B+,” Patrick hisses out a laugh at Richie’s twisted up facial expressing. “And I’m all out of gold stars.”

“Well, I’m all out of luck, aren’t I.” Richie understands what Patrick is doing. He thinks Patrick knows that he understands as well. It’s a clever form of manipulation, one that has Richie wanting more than ever to show Patrick how good he can make it, and not even understanding this can deter him.

Patrick is practically vibrating next to him; Richie feels enveloped, completely surrounded by all six feet of Patrick Hockstetter, and both his grabby hands. When Richie looks up his eyes snag on Patrick’s pale, exposed neck, and he gets the ridiculous desire to sink his teeth

in. Patrick would probably get off on that, but he doesn't want to do anything to risk angering him.

Richie settles for laying his free hand flat over Patrick's chest and feeling his heartbeat, quick and fluttery and surreal, under his palm. It seems like minutes pass, the only sound the distant music from downstairs and the wet, sloppy noises of Richie's hand moving over Patrick's cock. There's no prior warning when Patrick comes: he reaches out suddenly, so fast Richie flinches, thinking he's about to get hit. He grips Richie's face between his thumb and his forefinger, relishing in the scared look that gets him in return as he comes into Richie's hand.

Afterwards, Richie washes his hands in a daze and straightened out his jeans, making sure he doesn't look like he just got blown. Patrick watches him from behind in the mirror, grinning with all his teeth whenever they make eye contact.

Richie is maybe a little drunk, but he still has enough comprehension to understand what a colossal fucking mistake that was. There's no way he can let anyone find out about this, but there's also no way he can demand that Hockstetter stay quiet about it. He's in a horrible situation.

But then Patrick approaches him from behind and rests his chin on Richie's shoulder, watching their reflection.

"Thanks, princess." He goads, twirling a strand of Richie's hair around his finger. "That was fun. Let's do it again some time."

Then he leaves, before Richie has even dried his hands.

Richie decides that ignoring Patrick is the way to go. Hockstetter will almost definitely beat him up if he mentions it or if he tries to insinuate that Patrick is gay, so it's definitely a better idea that Richie pretends it simply never happened.

If only he could convince himself of that first. Memories flash behind his eyes whenever he tries to sleep. He finds himself sitting in class

first period, his mind drifting towards his hands tangled in Patrick's hair, Patrick's tongue, how wet and warm his mouth had been...

Jesus, he needs to get a grip or his friends are going to figure out something is up. They've already noticed him acting weird and Beverly has made approximately seven jokes about him getting lost on his way to the toilet, so he knows he can't get away with it forever. He's not in any classes with Patrick, so as long as he avoids him in the hallways and doesn't run into the gang after school, he can act like he absolutely did not get sucked off by Patrick Hockstetter in the bathroom at a party.

That lasts about three hours.

They hear Bowers' gang before they even see them, walking four abreast across the hallway. Eddie, Mike and Ben drop behind the others instinctually, years of being the most targeted taking their toll. Bill, Bev and Stan stand firmly in front, refusing to be cowed. Usually Richie would be up front with them, being his usual asshole self in order to draw the attention away from the others, but today he can't afford to be ballsy. He doesn't want Patrick's attention on him at all if he can help it. He hangs back next to Eddie, ignoring the strange look it gets him.

It doesn't matter in the end. The gang has noticed them, and that means they're in for trouble. Henry goes for Bill as usual - if it was any other day Richie would make an ill timed joke about Henry crushing on him - whilst Belch goes for Stan and Vic pushes through their ranks to get to Eddie. Patrick saunters past the chaos and, as Richie tries to get to Henry, by far the most violent of the other three, reaches out to grab Richie by the strap of his backpack. Patrick yanks Richie backwards and he stumbles, slamming into the lockers behind him and knocking his head so that his glasses almost fall off.

"What the *fuck*—" The words get stuck in Richie's throat when he sees the look on Patrick's face. He doesn't look angry, he looks entertained, like Richie's struggling is amusing him. It's the same look he gets on his face as he's about to knock someone out, the same look he got just before he came. Richie shudders.

"Missed you," Patrick hisses into his face, wrapping a hand around

his neck. Richie wants to check on his other friends but he can't - literally, because of Patrick choking him, but also because Patrick has captures his gaze so thoroughly that he can't look away.

"Did you miss me?" Patrick's nails dig into the skin a little and he steps closer, pressing their bodies flush together. His thigh nudges against Richie's crotch in a deliberate way that would look accidental to anyone looking on.

"Get off me," Richie manages to choke out, fingers scrabbling at Patrick's hand. It's no use; he's got more strength in one arm than Richie has in his whole body.

"Relax, fag." Patrick's hand loosens a little. It isn't much, but Richie relaxes minutely. At least he knows Patrick means to humiliate him, not actually kill him. "I just wanted to ask you out."

"*What?*" At Richie's gobsmacked expression, Patrick snickers and pats his cheek - not so gently - with his other hand.

"Don't look so surprised, flamer! I had fun last night, and I *know* you did too." His leg presses much more firmly against Richie's dick through his trousers and Jesus, anyone looking would *definitely* be able to tell now. Patrick isn't talking that quietly. What the fuck kind of game is he playing?

"Are you *crazy*? They'll see us!" At this, they both glance in unison over to the others, where Henry is finishing up with Bill. Richie has never appreciated the school bell much but now it's a literal godsend.

Richie really should have seen it coming when Patrick draws back his arm and punches him in the stomach with enough force behind it to knock the air out of him. Richie gasps, his desperate need to breathe overshadowing the pain.

"There," Patrick breathes right into Richie's ear like he's proud of himself. "Now it doesn't look suspicious."

Richie, still not fully able to inhale and shaking with barely contained anger, glares up at Patrick from under his fringe and mutters, "Why do I get the feeling your version of 'asking me out' doesn't involve a

fucking picnic blanket?”

Patrick snickers again and pats the top of Richie’s head where he’s still doubled over, wheezing through the throbbing pain in his stomach.

“See you tonight, loser.” He grins, wagging his fingers in goodbye as he saunters off with the rest of his group. Richie wants to scream after him, to demand to know what he means and just what the hell he’s planning, but his friends crowd around him and the opportunity is lost.

Besides, he thinks his voice would break if he tried.

Author's Note:

Let me know what you think! <3